

My Isle of Dreams

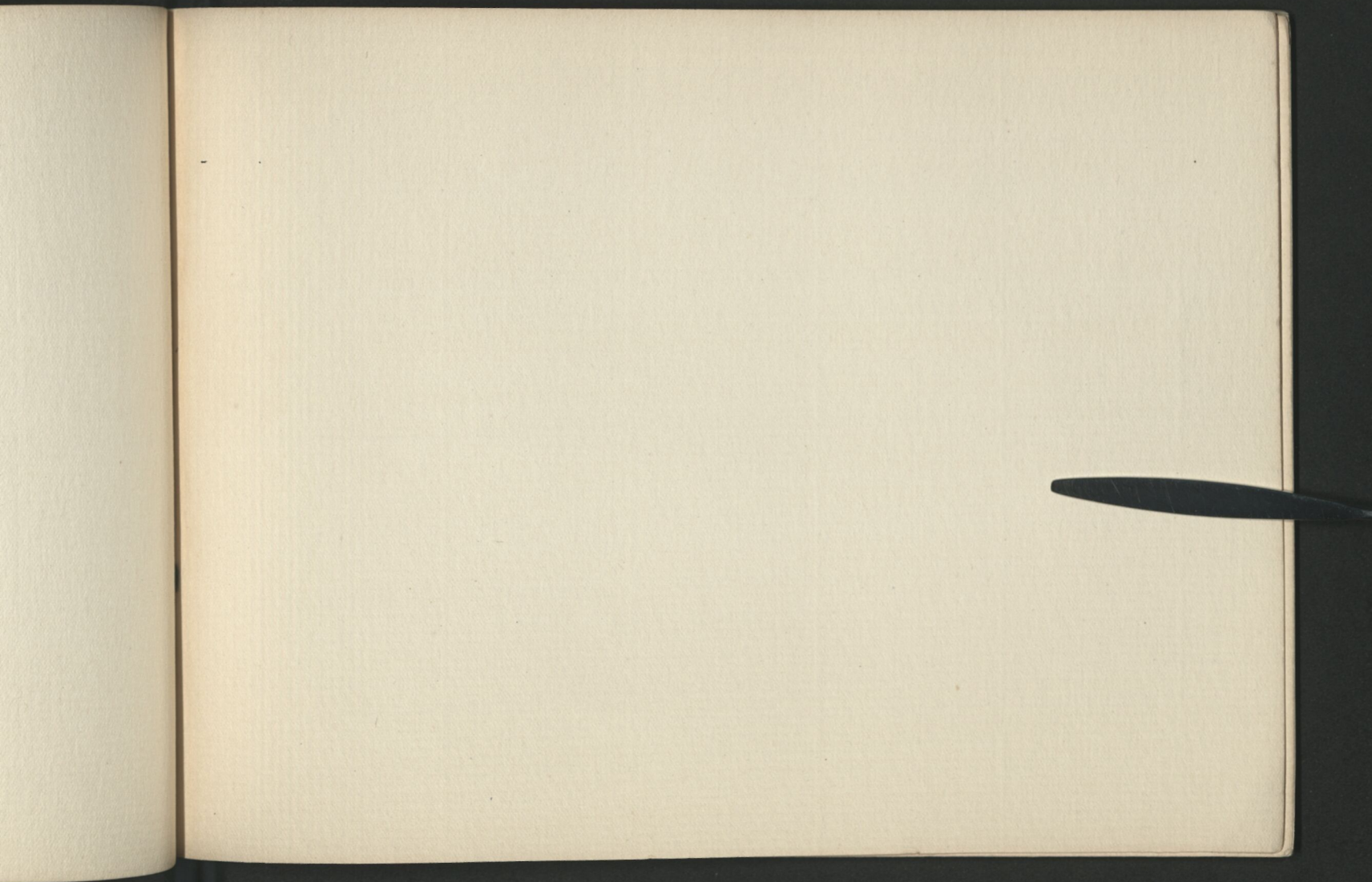




Helen C. McCleary
from H.W.

Nantucket. Oct. 4th 1915





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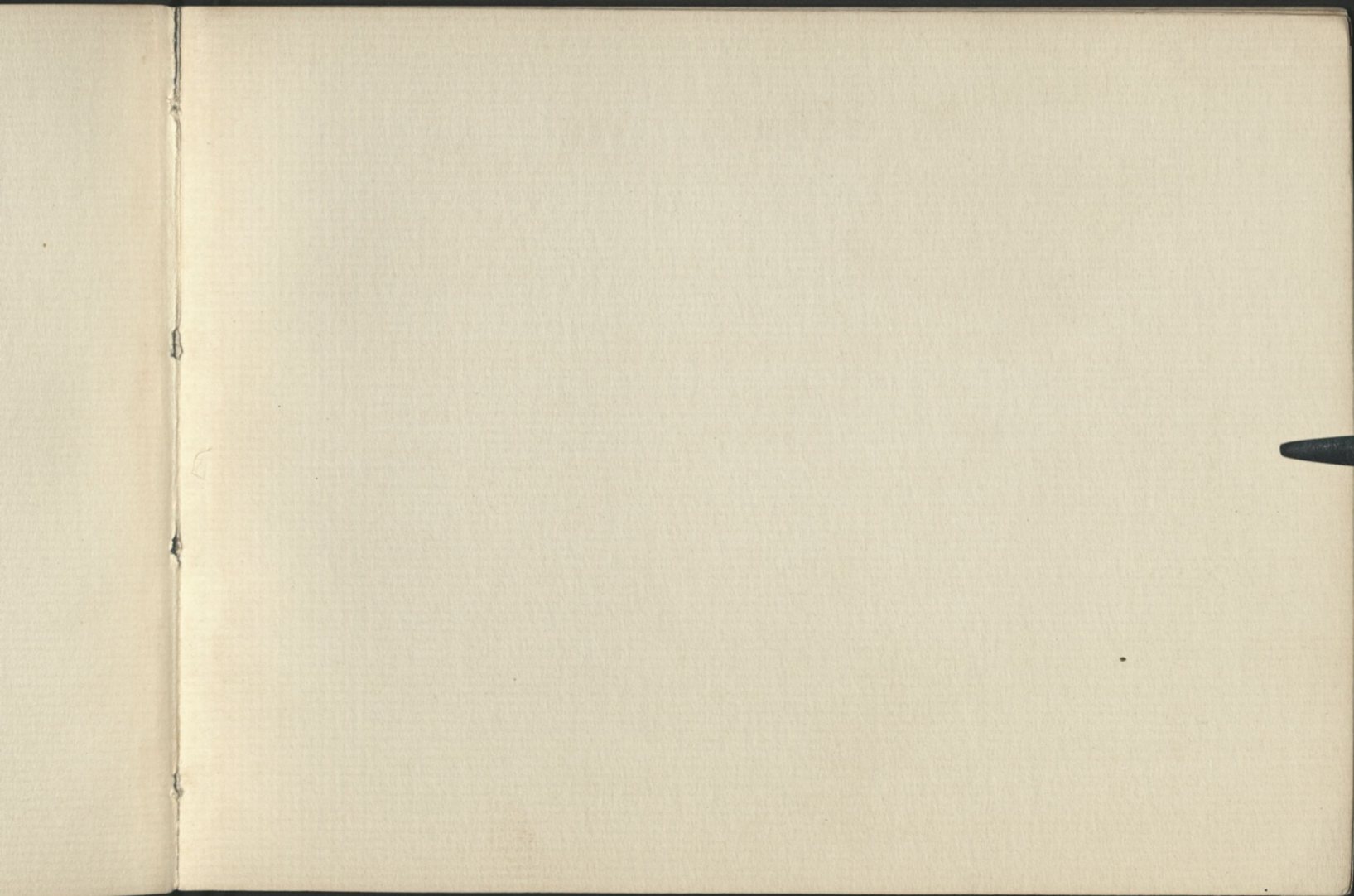
MY ISLE OF DREAMS

BY HENRY S. WYER

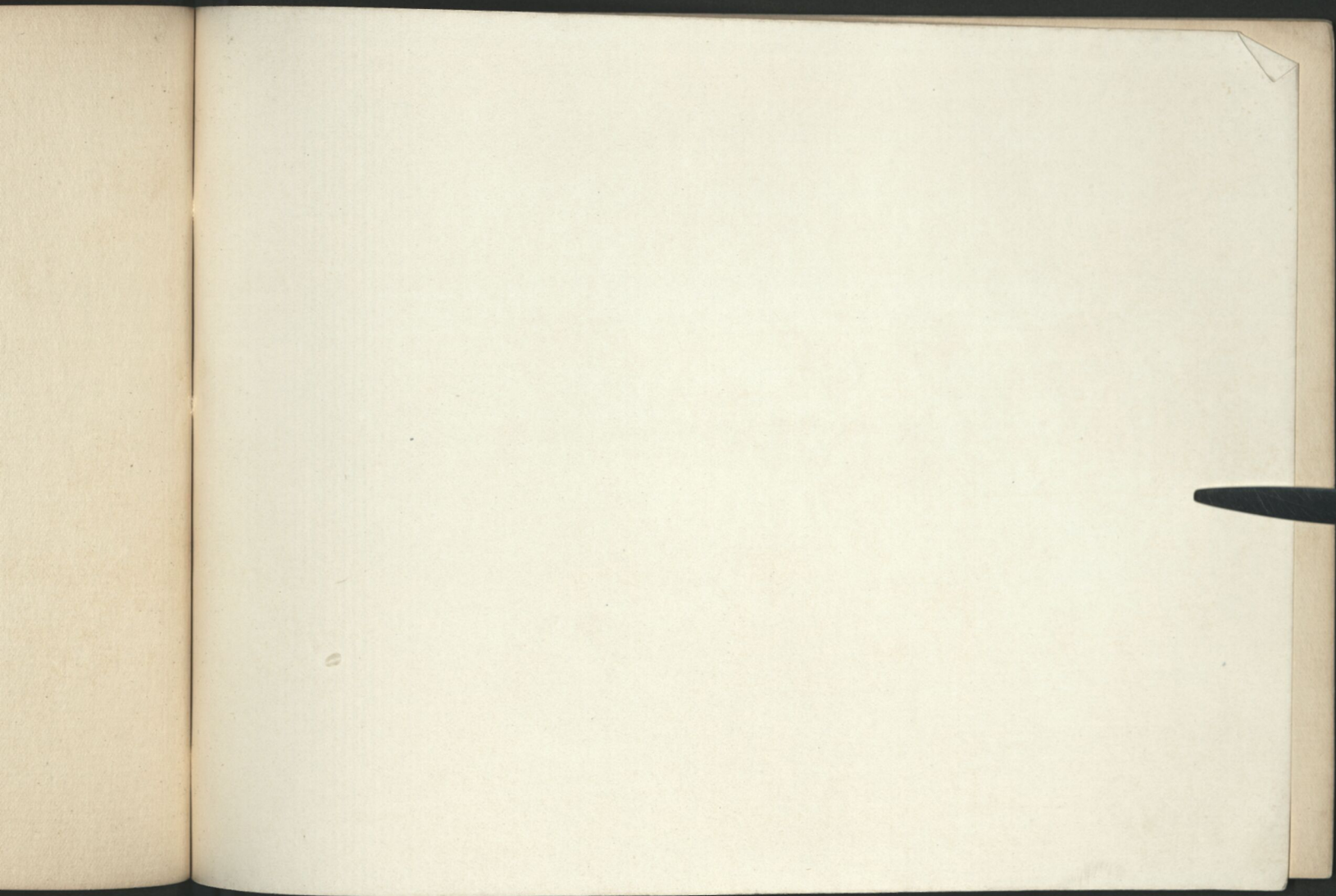
NANTUCKET, 1899

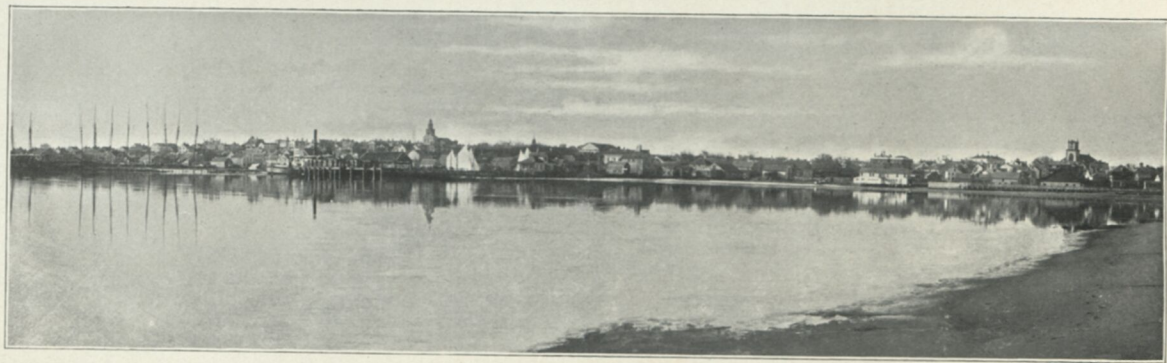
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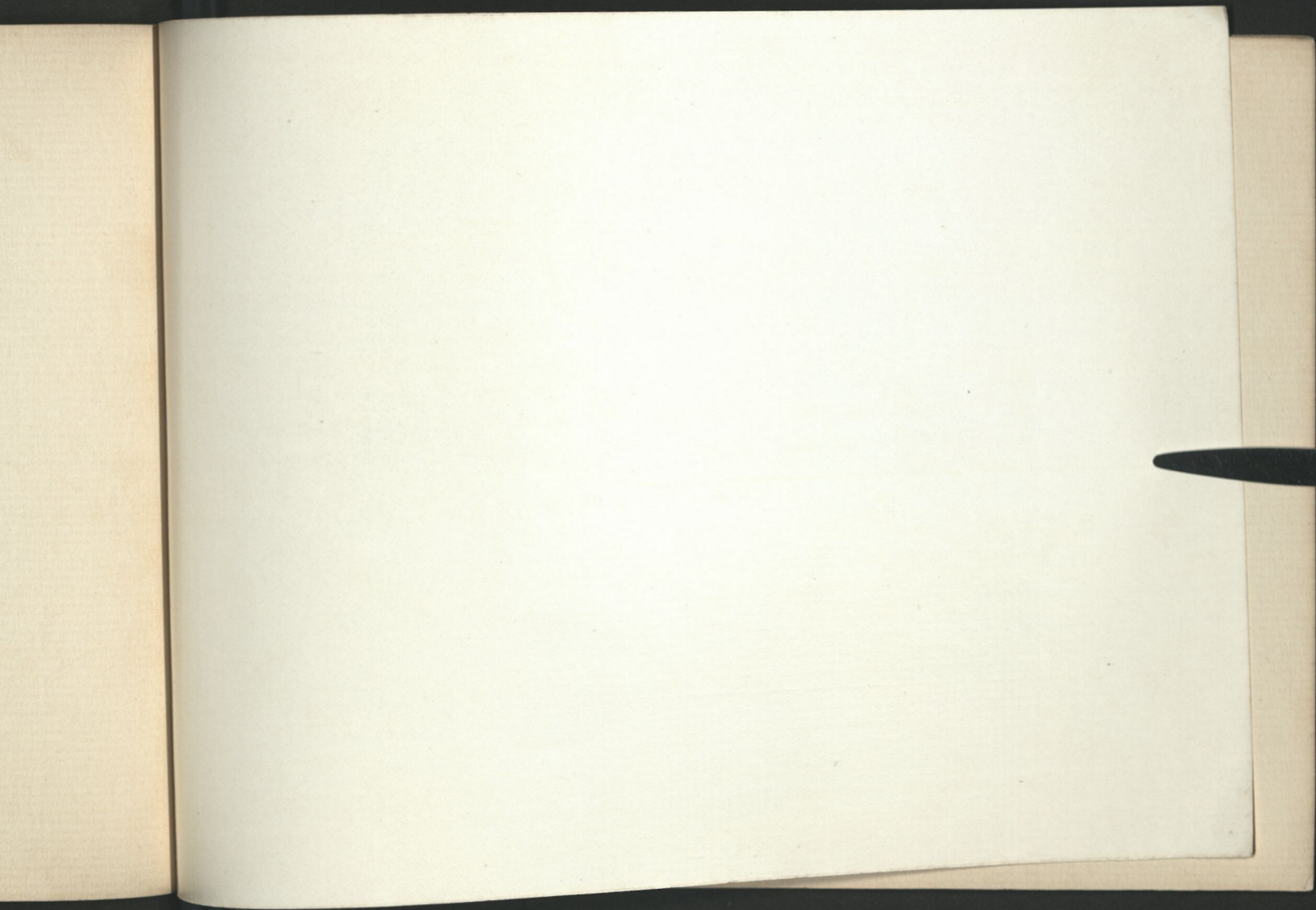


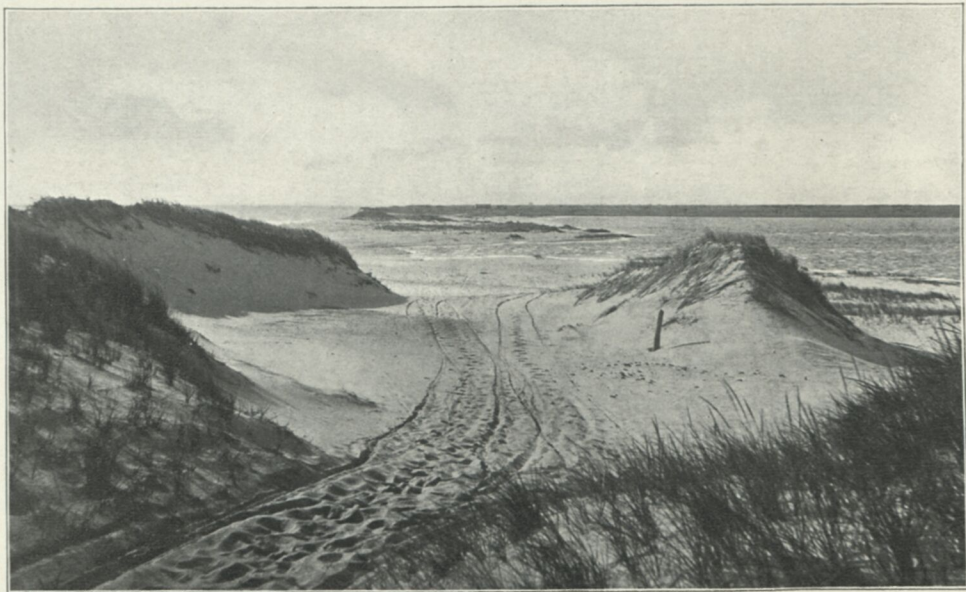
From cape to



AFAR from the strife of the great world's life,
Lies the isle that my boyhood knew—
From cape to ~~By each wave-worn cape~~ is her hammock shape
Swung out on the ocean's blue.

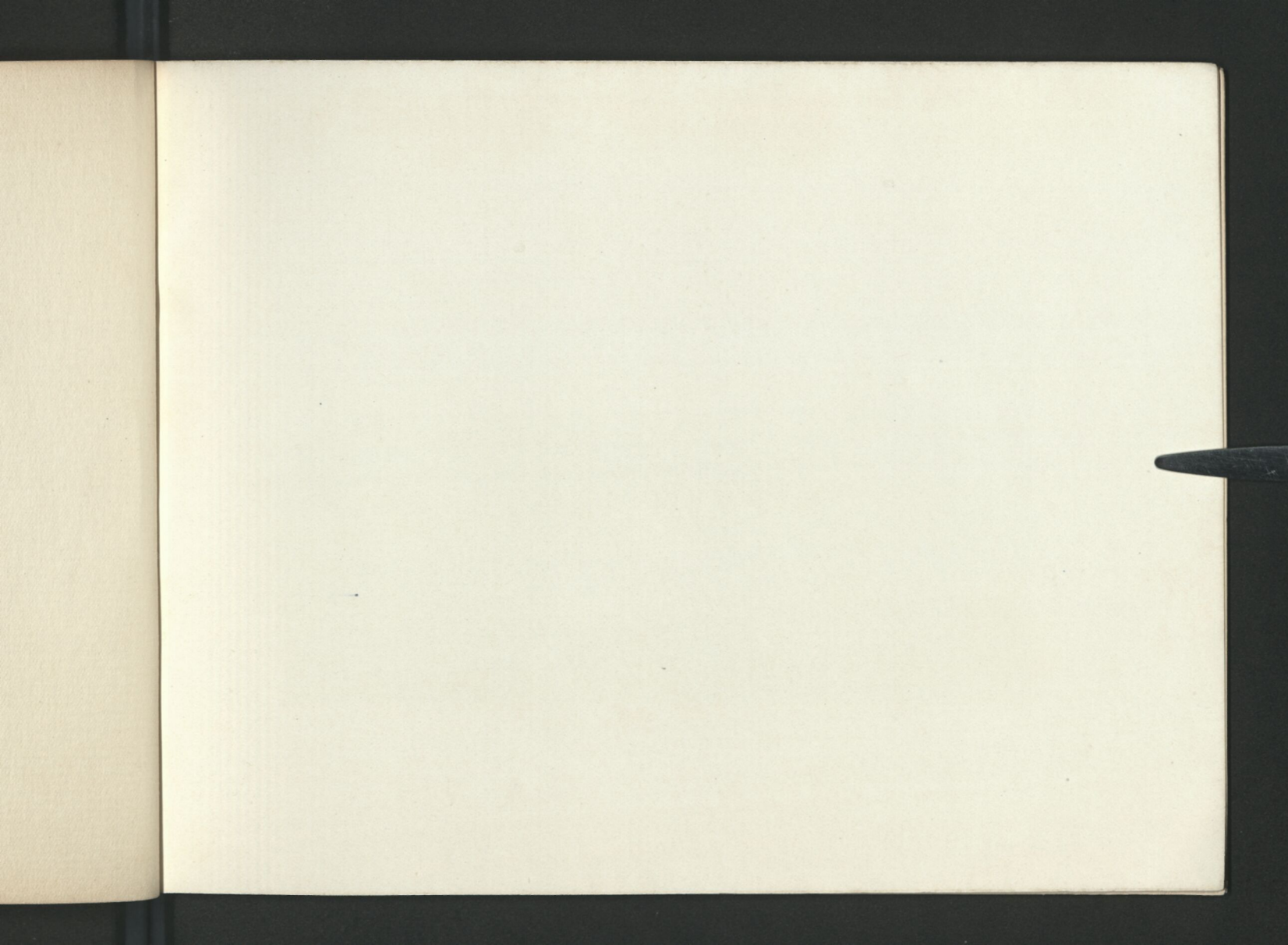






*On her peaceful breast is a realm of rest
For the weary ones of earth,
And to all who reach her tranquil beach
She giveth a newer birth.*







*Tn h
A
When
On*



***T**h her balmy air is a perfume rare,
As from heavenly gardens blown,
When in Summer hours bloom myriad flowers
On her moorlands weird and lone.*



TIME loiters a while in that slumbrous isle,
With lingering step and slow,
And they that dwell 'neath its drowsy spell
Dream ever of long ago.

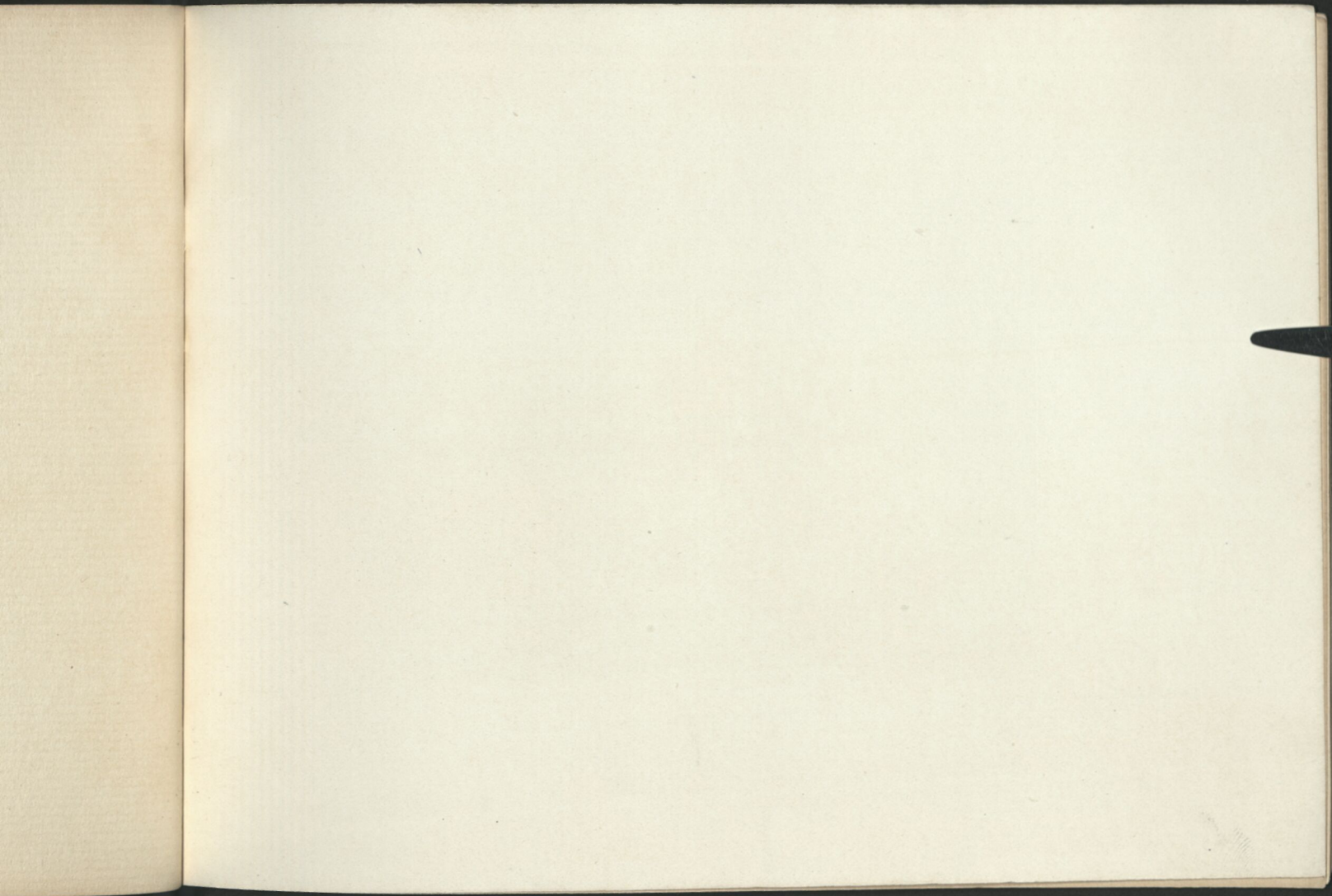


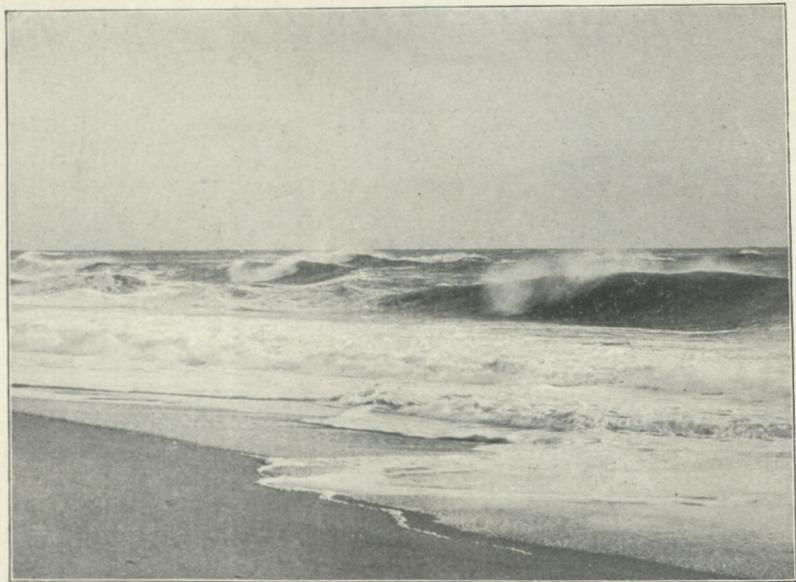
L*IKE a mirage bright to my yearning sight,
Illumed by the sun's last beams,
The gray town lies under glowing skies,
Enwrapped in its old-time dreams.*



***m**^y fancy greets in the silent streets
Each old familiar face—
Sweet memories throng as I stroll along
By each time-worn dwelling place.*







*THE wild surf roars on the outer shores,
Where it beats on the yielding sands.
And I hear a moan in its undertone
As it rolls from distant lands.*



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GOD speed my bark through the midnight dark
Till the homeward beacon gleams—
Safe port T'll make and refuge take
In my beautiful Isle of Dreams!



